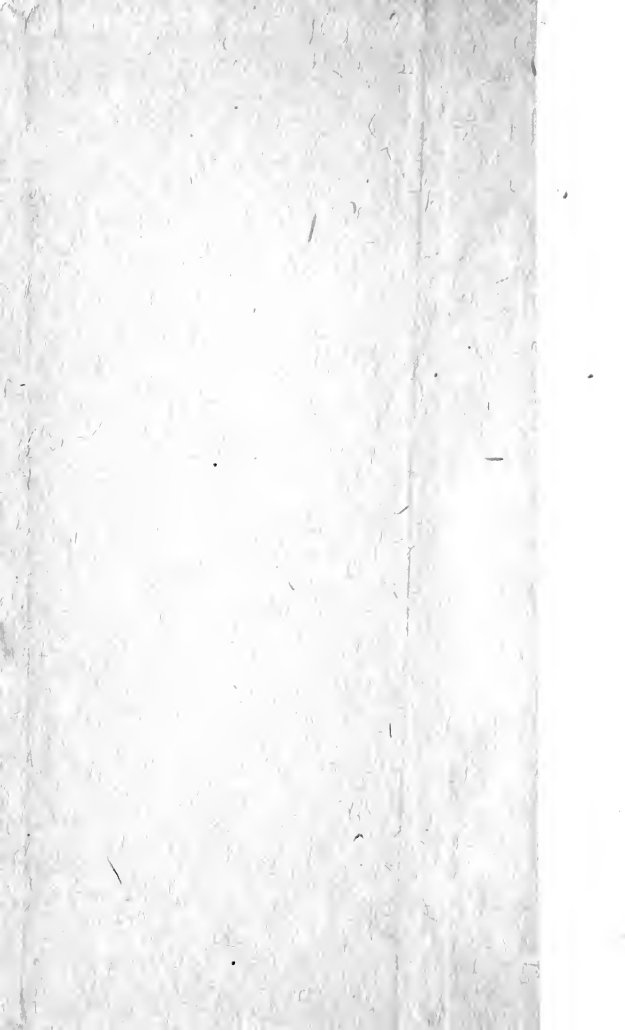


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



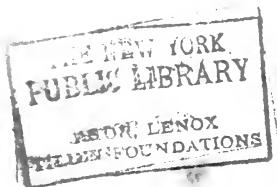
3 3433 08252081 2



Dale
NAS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



Sergeant Dale.



“ There my children—there is England !”—p. 54.

David Dale, 1791-1840

MEMOIRS
OF
SERGEANT DALE
HIS DAUGHTER,
AND
THE ORPHAN MARY.

14

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



S.C.
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
PHILADELPHIA:
NO. 146 CHESNUT STREET.

1840

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
2640504

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1928 L

MEMOIRS
OF
SERGEANT DALE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a part of the East Indies which was once occupied by British soldiers, there were several buildings erected which were occupied by the soldiers and were called barracks. To this place came a private soldier and his wife named John and Hannah Smith, and they brought with them a little girl called Mary, who was about a year and a half old. She had light curling hair and blue eyes, and she was as fair as the lily in the valleys. Now the country did not agree with John Smith: from the time that he came there, he was never well; and poor Hannah was so fatigued with nursing him, and taking care of

the child, and so weakened by the bad living upon the river, that she had scarcely strength to reach the place.

She died about four-and-twenty hours after she came into the barracks, and John never spoke after she died. They were both buried in one grave. So the Lord delivered them from the evil to come, for they were pious people ; and when he dissolved their earthly tabernacle, he gave them “a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” 2 Cor. v. 1. And no doubt he heard the prayers which, while living, they had day by day put up for their baby. For “the Lord is good to them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. For the Lord will not cast off for ever: but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.—Ye that fear the Lord, hope for good, and for everlasting joy and mercy. Look at the generations of old, and see: did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear,

and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him? For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction." Lament. iii. 25, 31—33. Eccl. ii. 9—11.

Of the soldiers' wives at that time in the barracks, I am sorry to say, that there was not one inclined to take charge of the orphan baby. The love of fine clothes and vanity, and visiting from berth to berth, quite filled up their minds; for the god of this world had blinded their eyes. They dressed themselves in all their finery to attend the funeral, but not one of them paid any attention to little Mary. She sat all day at the foot of the bed where her mother had died; for Hannah had died so soon after her arrival, that there was no time to carry her to the hospital; and no one came to comfort her poor babe, only a man, who had been her father's comrade, gave her a little soup at dinner-time, and some arrack, and a biscuit before parade.—Moreover, he left her upon the bed when the bugle sounded for parade; and then, being

overcome with the liquor he had given her, she fell asleep.

So evening came on, and this poor baby's mother was gone to God, and there was nobody to take care of her. Now there was in the next barracks, (for the barracks at Cawnpore are ten in number, according to the companies, and each sergeant has a small room to himself, which is very comfortable for those who have families,) one Sergeant Dale. His wife had been dead some years, but he had a daughter named Sarah. This girl was not quite twelve years old, but her father was a good man, and had brought her up in the fear of God. He had taken care that she should be taught to read and to sew, and to do all such household work as was necessary in the state of life in which the Lord had placed her. It was surprising to think how clean she kept her father's room; she put up the beds, rubbed the table and chairs, and kept every thing neat and in order. Nor was she ever heard scolding or abusing the black men, or quarrelling with her neighbours; for her father made her learn

this verse from the Epistle of St. James: "If any among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." Her father was also very careful in never letting Sarah keep company with any of the women of the regiment who lived not in the fear of God; for the Sergeant had often found, by looking into his own heart, that it was difficult to go into the company of bad persons without falling into some of their evil ways: and it is written, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. Accordingly, Sergeant Dale had kept his daughter as much at home as he could, and although she could not but hear and see many things which were very bad, (for those who have been in a barrack must know that it is but an evil school for a young girl, yet it seemed that the blessing of God went with Sergeant Dale's honest

endeavours to bring up his child in the right way.

Now it happened, that same night in which John and Hannah Smith were buried, that Sarah Dale was sitting at the door of her father's berth, at parade time, finishing a shirt for her father, when two women of the company came along the *verandah*,* and stopped to talk close by Sarah. "Jenny," said one of them to the other, "why were you not at the funeral?"

"What funeral?" said Jenny: "who is dead, Molly?"

"Why," answered the other, "John and Hannah Smith died last night, and were both buried this evening, and all the women of our company have been at the funeral. Where have you been, that you did not hear this before?"

"I have been waiting on one of our ladies," said Jenny, "and never heard a word of it: but what is become of Hannah's child?"

* An open gallery, or piazza.

“Why,” answered Molly, “there it lies in its mammy’s berth, crying sadly, and nobody has taken it; I wish you would take it, Jenny, you have none of your own.”

“I take it!” replied Jenny; “what am I to be troubled with other folks’s children for? sure I have trouble enough of my own. But I see no reason, Molly, why you could not take it; you have one of your own to be sure, but then it can walk, and you might take care of two children almost with the same trouble as one.”

“I take it, indeed!” said Molly, “and who’s to thank me? No, indeed, I won’t be burdened with other people’s brats. But, good night, here I stand talking, and my little lad will want his supper.”

So the women parted, one going one way, and one another.

Then said little Sarah Dale, as she sat at work, “So, there is a poor baby left without a daddy or mammy, and nobody will take it! How I should like to have it! I wish my father was come from parade, that I might ask him if he would let me have it.” Now,

while she was thinking what she would do for the baby, if her father would give her leave to fetch it to her berth, and take the care of it, she saw the men coming home, for parade was dismissed. She jumped up, and putting her work into her bag, she ran to meet her father; and taking him by the hand, "Dear father, I have the greatest favour in the world to ask you—there is a lovely baby, whose daddy and mammy are dead, John and Hannah Smith, they were both buried in one grave to-night, and nobody has taken this poor baby. She is now lying upon the bed where her mammy died. O! may I take her and nurse her? Pray, father, give me leave."

"Come home with me, Sarah," said the sergeant, "and we will consider of the matter." So he stepped into his berth, and busied himself in pulling off his cap and sash. "Before you take this child, Sarah," said he "I must have you consider well what you are about. If you once undertake the charge, you must not give it up, but must take care of it night and day, for a few years, without wearying. Sometimes, in the hot weather

you will find yourself tired with nursing it, and leading it about, but you must not be cross to it; for this baby is one of those lambs for which the Good Shepherd gave up his life upon the cross, and if you hurt this little lamb, through carelessness or wilfulness, "it were better for you that a millstone were tied about your neck, and that you were cast into the depths of the sea." Mark ix. 42.

"Father," replied Sarah Dale, "I cannot promise that I will always behave well to this baby, for I know that my heart is bad, and inclined, by nature, to every kind of wickedness; but I will pray to God, for his dear Son's sake, that he will give me a clean new heart, so that I may be able to be kind to this poor child."

Sergeant Dale. Sarah, you have answered well, for without the help of God there is none that doeth good. "We are all gone out of the way, we are altogether unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." Romans iii. 12. And this is the reason why we see so many about us living in every kind of wickedness; but if you believe in the Lord

Jesus Christ, and trust in him alone, he will make you a new creature, he will put his Holy Spirit into you; then, instead of having a heart full of hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, sedition, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, &c. your heart will abound in love, joy, peace; you will be gentle, good, faithful, meek and temperate. Gal v. 20—23. Love the Lord your Redeemer, and you shall abound in all good works.

Sarah. I will try to love my God, and I will pray to him to help me to love and serve him better. Now, pray, father, let me fetch the baby.

“Stop,” said the sergeant, “I have several questions to ask you before you have my consent. First, What will you give the child to eat? If you give it arrack, or beef, or unripe fruit, it will get sick and die.”

Sarah. You know, father, that we have a goat. It shall have all my share of milk, and some white bread, for breakfast and supper; and I will make it a little rice pudding for dinner: and sometimes it shall have a boiled egg or a little soup, and some tea

and bread and butter, and I will boil a little new milk, and set a cup by the bed-side to give it drink in the night.

Sergeant Dale. Very well, Sarah; but where is the baby to sleep?

Sarah. It shall sleep with me in my cot. I will push the cot close to the wall, that it may not fall down, and it shall have my soft pillow to lay its pretty head on, and I will put my arm about it in the night, that it may not think itself alone and be frightened.—Dear father, may I go now to fetch the baby?

Sergeant Dale. Stop a little, Sarah, I have more questions to ask you. Will you be careful to keep the little one clean? To wash it well, and dry it well; that it may not take cold? Will you comb its hair, and keep its clothes tight and whole?

Sarah. I will pray to God to give me strength and health to do all these things. Pray, father, let me go.

Sergeant Dale. Answer me one thing more, and then you shall go: but, before you answer, you must think well what you are go-

ing to say. When your poor mother was alive, and you were a little baby, for the love which she had for you, she gave up all those things which the people of the world call pleasure. She seldom went out, and never dressed fine, nor visited gay company; but gave up almost the whole of her time to nursing you, and providing for the wants of your little body. And when you got older, and began to know good from evil, she slackened not her care, but watched you, if possible, more anxiously, lest you should fall into the company of wicked children, and learn their naughty ways and words. Moreover, she never lost an opportunity of giving you a knowledge of God: for, “whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts.” Isaiah xxviii. 9. And in this manner she went on, till it pleased God to take her from us. Now, tell me, Sarah, do you think that you can resolve to give up all your time to this little one, as your mother did for you? for I tell you before-hand, that I shall not be

pleased if I see that you neglect the child, or in any way use it ill, when you have once taken it; and, what is of more consequence than my anger, you will displease God too.

Then said Sarah, "Father, I like to go out now and then, to visit my neighbours, I cannot but say; but I promise you, (with God's grace,) that if you will let me have the baby, I will stay at home to take care of it."

"Well then," said the sergeant, "I give my consent: you may fetch the baby."

"O! joy! joy! joy!" cried Sarah; and she ran across the way in a moment, to the next barracks, to fetch the baby, whose father and mother were gone to God.

In the next chapter I shall tell you how Sarah brought the little baby back to her berth, and how she became a kind nurse to it, and the good sergeant a father to it, verifying the words of King David in the Psalms: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Psalm xxxvii. 25

CHAPTER II.

IN my last chapter I told you how Sarah, having got leave of her father, ran over the way to the next barracks, for the little child. It was almost dark, but she was over the way before her father could get his hat on to follow her; for the sergeant was a very careful man, and never let his daughter go into strange barracks without following her, lest any of the many idle people, who are in such places, should enter into discourse with her. I wish all parents were as careful as Sergeant Dale; if they were so, we should not hear of so many graceless daughters as we now do. But to return to my story—As soon as Sarah got into the *verandah*, she asked a woman who was sitting in one of the door-ways, where the little baby was, whose father and mother were dead, and were buried that evening.

“What do you want with the child?”

said the woman, without stirring from her seat.

“I am come,” replied Sarah, “to fetch the baby to our berth; my father has given me leave to take the care of it.”

“I am glad to hear you say so, my lass,” said a young man who was standing by; “if your father takes to the child, it will be better done by than if some other folks were to have it.”

“What folks do you mean?” said the woman.

“Those who please to take it to themselves,” said the young man. “But come,” said he to Sarah, “follow me, my lass; I will show you where the child is. My comrade gave it a sup of rack just before parade, and it has been asleep ever since. I have just stepped in to look at it, for we could not meet with any woman that had a mind to it. It is a pretty little creature—Heaven send it a friend.”

So the young man led the way, and Sarah followed, till they came to the bed on which the poor baby was laid; and there Sarah saw

her asleep, for she was quite overcome with the liquor that had been given to her. She had on a dirty white frock, and a ragged pinafore; her poor little hair had never been combed out since her mammy sickened, and her little face was covered with dirt and dust; two pretty tears stood on her cheeks, for she had been crying for her mammy before she fell asleep, and there was none to wipe them away, “for none eye pitied her, to do any of these unto her.” Ezekiel xvi. 5. “O! my baby! my pretty baby!” said Sarah; “your true mammy is gone to God, but I will try to be a mother to you. I will try to make you happy. You never shall have reason to cry any more—Heaven bless you, pretty baby.”

By this time Sergeant Dale was come up. So he wrapped the *gooderie*,* which lay on the bed, round the child, and lifting it up, without waking it, he carried it gently to his own berth, and held it in his arms till Sarah had got the cot ready for it; then he laid it

* A coverlet of quilted cotton.

gently in the cot, with its head on Sarah's pillow. "Now," said Sarah, "I have got you, my sweet baby, but I won't kiss you for fear I should wake you."

So she put the curtains down round the child, lest the mosquitoes should bite her; and set the cold meat on the table, for her father's supper. So Sarah and Sergeant Dale ate their supper; and when they had finished, he said, "Sarah, put up the cold meat for breakfast, and get some of that new milk ready in a pint for the child, and when she wakes give her a drink of it; also, put a little of that white bread, finely crumbled, and a spoonful of sugar, into the milk, for she will be hungry, poor thing, when she wakes." So Sergeant Dale showed his daughter how his wife had been used to get baby's food ready.

Now, when all was ready, the sergeant took his Bible from the shelf, and made Sarah read a chapter, according to custom, after supper. Then they knelt down to their prayers, and in their prayers the sergeant did not forget the child, but added these words:

“O Lord God! the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we pray thee to bless this little one, which we have taken into our care. Preserve her little body from all evil. Take from her the sinful heart and wicked inclinations with which she was born; for since our father Adam sinned, our nature has been altogether corrupt, and we are all born in sin, and the children of wrath. But, O Lord God! renew a right spirit in the mind of this infant, reconcile her to thyself, through the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed his blood for her, sanctify her by thy Holy Spirit, and as she grows in years, grant that she may live to bring forth the fruits of faith, and be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; so that, being justified by faith, this dear infant may be among those who, when the Lord shall come at the day of judgment, shall rise with joy to meet the Lord in the air.”

So, having finished their prayers, the sergeant said to Sarah, “Come, let’s to bed, for to-morrow is a field-day, and I must be up early; and you must be stirring betimes,

and get the work done, for you will find that you have plenty of work on your hands now."

So Sarah went to bed, and put her arm round the baby; and when the baby waked in the night, she had the milk ready to give her, and then she laid her down again, and the pretty creature slept till long after gunfire; so that Sarah had time to put all things to rights in the room, and to set the tea-things, and dress herself neatly, before the baby cried. And when the little one waked, and called "Mammy! mammy!" for it had not forgotten its own mammy yet, Sarah ran to it, and lifted it up gently, kissing it, and calling it by its name, "Mary! pretty Mary! sweet little Mary!" And the child answered, "Mammy! mammy!"

Now the morning was cold, (for it was the cold season;) so Sarah took a shawl and wrapped the little one in it. By this time the sergeant was come in from parade, and they all sat down to breakfast—the sergeant, and Sarah, and little Mary upon Sarah's lap. The baby drank a good deal of tea out of Sarah's tea cup, and ate a bit of nice hot cake, which

Sarah gave her, and seemed quite contented. While they were at breakfast, a man who had been poor Smith's comrade came in, and brought little Mary's clothes, and her mother's box, and said, "We all know you, Sergeant Dale, that you are a man fearing God, and would not wrong this child of a *pice*.* Poor Smith left all his things in my charge, to make the best of for the child; but as you have taken to her, I think I cannot do better than deliver them up to you; here is the key of the box, and a list of such things as are in it."

"God forbid," said Sergeant Dale earnestly, "that I should wrong the child. I remember that my poor wife used to say to me when we were at home, and had not one penny piece to rub against another, "Set not thine heart on goods unjustly gotten; for they shall not profit thee in the day of calamity." *Eccî. v. 8.* After the man was gone, and the breakfast-things put by, Sarah got some warm water in a pan, and some soap, and

* A penny.

washed the baby well, and she did not forget to dry it thoroughly; she also washed and combed its hair, and put on it a clean petticoat, and frock, and pinafore; after which, she doubled an old *gooderie* and laid it on the floor, and set the baby to play upon it, with some little playthings to amuse it. So the little one was quiet, and Sarah, in the mean time, had an opportunity to finish any little jobs which she had to do. But when the baby was tired of sitting, and called to her, she was ready to run and take her up, and carry her about to please her. Sarah made little Mary a rice pudding for dinner; and, at parade time, when the sun was set, she carried her out to take the air; but she was always very careful not to let her feel the heat of the sun; for Sergeant Dale had told her, that he had known many men, women, and children, some of whom had lost their lives, and others their senses, by going out in the sun, not only in the East Indies, but in the West-Indies, where the sergeant had been with his regiment.

When Sarah came in from her walk, she

gave the little one some bread and goat's milk for supper, and put on its little night-shift and night cap, and laid it in the cot, and when it was in bed, she patted it gently with her hand, and sung a hymn, (for her father said, "You must sing God's songs to the baby, when it is going to sleep.") And she sung to it, till it was asleep.

And now I must give you an account of a discourse which passed between Sarah and Sergeant Dale that same evening, when he came in from parade, as divers things which the sergeant said may be profitable to us all. "Father," said Sarah, "while you were at parade, I took Mary a-walking, and you cannot think how pleased she was, and how she pointed to this, and pointed to that, and said, 'See, mammy! see, mammy!' Poor little sweet creature, she does not know that I am not her mammy. And I have given her some supper, and put her to bed. Is she not a very lovely little creature, father?"

Sergeant Dale. True, Sarah, she is a nice little creature; and I hope, with God's bless-

ing, we shall be able to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Sarah. I cannot help thinking, how cruel all the women of the company were—Hard-hearted creatures! that not one of them could take pity on so sweet a baby. But I believe that they think of nothing but fine clothes, and eating and drinking. I do not like any of them.

Sergeant Dale. Reach down the Bible from the shelf, Sarah.

Sarah. I have it, father.

Sergeant Dale. Look to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, 4th chapter and 31st verse.

Sarah. Here it is, father. "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, and all malice."

Sergeant Dale. Now turn to the 3d chapter of St. James, 8th, 9th, and 10th verses.

Sarah. Must I read the verses, father?

Sergeant Dale. Surely, child.

Sarah. "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.—"

Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Sergeant Dale. Did you ever read those texts before, Sarah?

Sarah. Yes, father.

Sergeant Dale. Then I wonder, child, that you should dare to give such license to your tongue. What business have you, a poor sinner, (who without God's assistance and grace, can do no one good thing,) to be judging and finding fault with your neighbours? Turn to the Epistle of St. Jude, and the 9th verse. "Yet Michael the Archangel, when contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." If these women have done wrong, the Lord rebuke them; it is no business of your's.

Sarah. Father, I have done wrong. I will not give way to my tongue any more.

Sergeant Dale. God help you, my child,

to keep this resolution. A word or two more, and we will say no more of this matter. Are you better by nature, Sarah, than the worst woman in the regiment?

Sarah. No, father. I was born in sin, you have often told me; and out of my heart naturally proceeds every kind of wickedness.

Sergeant Dale. If you are enabled to do better than some people, to whom do you owe the power? For, you know well, that of yourself you can do nothing good.

Sarah. Father, I know that I cannot do any one good thing, without God's help.

Sergeant Dale. If you do well, to whom must you give the glory?

Sarah. To God.

Sergeant Dale. Beware then, Sarah, and never let me hear you speaking of the faults of others, as if you thought yourself better than they are; for, if God sees that you are proud, he may perhaps take his Spirit from you; and then, like King David, you will fall into grievous sins. Never glory in yourself, or be proud, or a boaster; "glory in nothing but the cross of Christ, by whom the world

is crucified unto you, and you unto the world." Gal. vi. 14. And now, Sarah, take my pencil, and mark those texts which I have shown you to-day, and read them over once or twice, at your leisure, that you may remember them in future.

So the sergeant and his daughter ate their supper, and said their prayers, and went to bed; and in their prayers I assure you, that they did not forget to pray for Mary. For we ought to pray for little infants—they cannot pray for themselves; and "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James v. 16.

In my next chapter I will give you an account how Sergeant Simpson's wife came over to persuade Sarah to leave little Mary, and go to the sergeants' ball; and how Sarah behaved on the occasion; also, how little Mary loved Sarah, and called her mammy.

CHAPTER III.

MARY had now been with Sergeant Dale and his daughter several weeks, and every day Sarah loved little Mary more and more. Mary always called Sarah her mammy; for she had quite forgotten her own mammy, who was gone to God. She could now walk very well, and could say many little words. Sarah taught her to call the kids and the chickens; and Sergeant Dale bought her a little chair, and a cup, and some pretty printed cloth to make her some frocks. One evening, about parade time, little Mary was playing upon her *gooderie* on the floor, in Sergeant Dale's berth, and Sarah was sitting on a *mora** by her, making one of the new frocks, when who should come in but Sergeant Simpson's wife! She was dressed in a white muslin flounced gown, a pink ribbon round her waist, yellow shoes, a necklace of blue beads, her hair

* A footstool, or hassock.

dressed, and no cap or neck-handkerchief on
“Good evening, Miss Dale,” said she; “I
am come to have a little chat with you this
afternoon—but, bless me! whose child have
you got there?” Sarah told her that the child
was little Mary Smith, the daughter of John
and Hannah Smith, who both died within a
few hours of each other, and that her father
had given her leave to take charge of the
child. “Bless me!” said Mrs. Simpson, “I
wonder your father could give his consent to
any such thing. A young child like that
must be a great deal of trouble to you.”

Sarah. O! I love her so much, that I don’t
mind the trouble.

Mrs. Simpson. Well, it is your own look
out, for that matter every one is to please
themselves; but I am come to tell you that
us sergeants are going to give a ball next
Monday; though, I suppose, your father has
told you already: you’ll go to be sure, so I
need not ask you.

Sarah. A ball! No, my father did not say
any thing about it: but I cannot go, because
of little Mary.

Mrs. Simpson. Not leave the child, indeed! Why, it is not your child; and if it was, must it never be left? Haven't you a cook-boy, who could take care of it for a few hours? O! you must go. You must ask your father to let you go, and to buy you a new muslin frock, and a pair of satin shoes, to go in. There is a man in the great *bazar*,* who has some of the most elegant artificial flowers I ever saw in my life; there is none in Europe to be compared to them; you must have a bunch to put in your hair, the man has all colours; and if you want a necklace, I will lend you this blue one, (for I have several sorts at home.) And you may buy Europe sash ribbon of all colours, and as good as new, in two or three shops. O! you must go.

Sarah. Indeed, Mrs. Simpson, I don't think I can.

Mrs. Simpson. Now I will lay any money, that you dare not ask your father leave. I begin to think what Jenny told me is true.

Sarah. What is that, Mrs. Simpson?

* A market.

Mrs. Simpson. Why, Jenny declares, that Sergeant Dale is a methodist.

Sarah. I don't know what a methodist is.

Mrs. Simpson. Why, the methodists are people who read the Bible, and pray nights and mornings, and never go to balls.

Sarah. I never heard my father say any thing about balls; but if he was to give me leave, I could not go, because of little Mary.

Mrs. Simpson. Bless me! fine talking! What! you are to stop at home for that little dirty brat, are you? I would see her hanged first, that I would. Why, we shall have such a pleasant evening! There will be music and dancing; and, after all, the most elegant supper and plenty of liquor. But, there comes your father from parade, and I shall have some talk with him about your going.

So she stepped out into the *verandah*, and calling across the way, as loud as she could, "Sergeant Dale!" she said, "sure you won't deny Sarah the liberty of going to our ball on Monday?"

Sergeant Dale. Your servant, Mrs. Simpson. What, you are come to persuade Sarah to go to the ball. I shall not hinder her going, I assure you. Sarah, if you have a mind to go, and think it right to leave that little one to the care of strangers, you may go, and much good may it do you; but if you think that God will love you better if you stay at home, and take care of this little lamb, stay. Answer, my child. Which do you think will be most agreeable in the sight of God?

Sarah. Father, to speak the truth, I should like to go to the ball: but I love little Mary better than all the balls and fine clothes in the world; and, I know, that now I have taken Mary, I ought not to leave her just for my own pleasure. Therefore, my pretty sweet Mary, I will stay at home with you: and when the people are beginning to dance, I shall be sitting by your bed, reading my Bible; and when you cry to mammy for your milk to drink, I shall be ready at hand to give it you.

“Well said, my brave girl!” cried Sergeant Dale; “you have spoken well, and

God will love you, my dear child. ‘Be as a father unto the fatherless; so shalt thou be a child of the Most High, and God shall love thee more than thy mother did.’ ” Ecclus. iv. 10.

Mrs. Simpson. Why, Sergeant Dale, you and your daughter are a couple of fools; and you are the greatest fool of the two. What! is the girl to be penned up like a bird in a cage?

Sergeant Dale. Mrs. Simpson, I am for bringing up my girl according to the Bible fashions—they are good old fashions, and will stand when the fashions of this world shall have passed away.

Mrs. Simpson. The Bible fashions! What sorts of fashions may they be?

Sergeant Dale. I believe Sarah can tell you some of them, Mrs. Simpson, if you wish to know them. Sarah, what does St. Paul say, in the 2d chapter of his First Epistle to Timothy, of the manner in which women should adorn themselves?

Sarah. “I will, therefore, in like manner, that women adorn themselves in modest ap-

parel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

Sergeant Dale. Do you remember, Sarah, what is said of a virtuous widow, in the 5th chapter of the same Epistle?

Sarah. "Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayers night and day. But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

Sergeant Dale. Though these words are spoken of widows, yet, in the spirit of them, they may be applied to wives and daughters, as well as to widows. And now, Sarah, tell me, from the same chapter, when we can say of a woman, that she has spent her life well.

Sarah. "If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work."

Sergeant Dale. What do you women do, Sarah, when they cast off the true faith?

Sarah. "And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not."

Sergeant Dale. What advice is given to women, in the Scripture, about keeping house?

Now Mrs. Simpson was not one of those that loved God's Book, so she made no answer to the sergeant, but, turning off short, went out of the berth; and as she went along the *verandah*, the sergeant and Sarah heard her laugh, and call them a couple of fools "Poor woman," said the sergeant, as he stepped into his berth, (for he was all this time standing at the door,) "she does not know that they who would be wise unto God, must become fools in the eyes of the world."

Now Sarah did not think any more of the ball until Monday evening, when, just before it was dusk, she saw several of the sergeants' wives going by, dressed for the ball. They had long trained muslin gowns, coloured shoes, flowers, feathers, and beads, with fans

in their hands. "O!" cried Sarah, "how smart!" And, just then, she wished she were going to the ball too; and the tears came into her eyes, but she wiped them away; and taking little Mary in her arms, she kissed her, and said, "O! my little sweet baby, what a wicked heart I have, that I should wish to leave you! O, Lord Jesus Christ, take these sinful desires out of my heart, and give me a clean heart, that I may be kind to this lovely baby."

Sergeant Dale did not return from parade so soon as usual; but, when he came in, what do you think he had brought Sarah? Why, a beautiful new Prayer-Book, with a red morocco binding and gilt leaves, out of the Europe shop; and in it was a picture of the Lord Jesus Christ, when he was an infant, sitting on the lap of his mother.

"There, Sarah," said the sergeant, "I have brought this as an encouragement to you not to be weary of well doing. You were a very good girl, or rather I should say God was very good to you, in giving you grace to refuse to go out, and to choose to stay at

home to take care of Mary. When all the pleasure of the people of the ball is over, you will have this pretty Prayer-Book to look at; and you will be happy in thinking that you were not tempted to forsake this poor baby, who has no father or mother on earth to trust to."

Sarah was so pleased, that she could hardly find words to thank her father; but she ran and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Mary wanted to have the Prayer Book to play with, but Sarah said, "No, no, little Mary, you must not have it, for you will spoil it."

So the book was put out of sight till Mary was asleep; then Sarah could look at it without interruption. And when the company at the ball were beginning to dance, Sarah was reading her new book to her father: and, by gun-fire, or soon after, the sergeant and his daughter, and little Mary, were all in their beds and fast asleep; and surely the angels watched round them, to guard them from all harm.

In the next chapter, I shall give you some

account of the manner in which Sarah dressed herself and little Mary; and how Mary grew and improved, and became a great comfort to Sarah; also, I shall tell you of another visit which Mrs Simpson made Sarah.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY stayed several years with Sergeant Dale, and, with God's blessing, improved daily, and when she was three years old, Sergeant Dale told Sarah that she must teach Mary her letters, and also to kneel down and say her prayers night and morning. The first prayer little Mary learned, was, "Pray, God, make Mary's heart white and clean from sin, for Jesus Christ's sake." Afterwards, she learned to pray for her Daddy Dale, and her Mammy Sarah, as she called them. She then was taught the Lord's Prayer, and could repeat it very prettily by the time she was four years old. Sarah took such pains with Mary, that she was not much more than five when she could read a chapter in the Bible, only stopping to spell some of the hardest words. And then Sergeant Dale used to make her learn a verse from the Bible every day, and repeat it to him off

book in the morning after he came from parade. And you would have been surprised to hear how many pretty texts this little girl could remember.

Every evening, after she had had her milk and bread, Sergeant Dale would take her upon his knee, and talk to her about God and heavenly things. He used to tell her how God had made the first man, Adam, and the first woman, Eve, with holy and clean hearts, and placed them in a beautiful garden called Eden, and gave them all the fruits of the garden to eat, excepting the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which he forbade them to eat; and how the devil came in the shape of a serpent, and tempted Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit; and how she ate herself, and gave thereof to Adam, and he did eat; and how, when they had eaten of this forbidden fruit, sin entered into their hearts, and their hearts were no longer white and pure, but full of sin, and envy, and spite, and malice, and pride, and covetousness, and all kind of evil. And Sergeant Dale taught Mary, that from that time, all the

children of Adam (that is, all men and women upon earth) have been born with evil, wicked, corrupt hearts; and that nobody can go to heaven, unless he can get a clean heart from God.

Then Mary would say, "How can we get a clean heart from God, daddy?"

Sergeant Dale then would tell her about Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who is one with God, and equal with God. How he came down from heaven, and died upon the cross to save sinners: and he further explained to her, that all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and love him, will go to heaven; "for all those who truly love him," said he, "are washed from their sins, by his blood which was shed on the cross for them; and God will send his Holy Spirit into their hearts, to make their hearts pure and white."

When Mary heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, she used often to say, "Pray, Mamma Sarah, let me see the picture of the Lord Jesus Christ, when he was a baby sitting on

his mother's lap, which is in your pretty red book."

Now Sergeant Dale would never allow Sarah, or little Mary, to be dressed fine, but always very neat and clean; and although the country at times is so hot, that people can hardly bear their clothes, yet he never would let them go out in such thin clothes, that you might see through them, as too many people do.

When Sarah took Mary a walking, every body used to say, "What a neat, decent young woman that Sarah Dale is, and how very neat she keeps that little child, and how modest she is! She never stares at the men, or the officers, but keeps her bonnet over her face, and walks on so gravely and so prettily, that nobody dares to say a rude word to her."

Now, as I say, every body liked Sarah's way of dressing herself and little Mary, except Mrs. Simpson and Jenny, and one or two more women of the regiment, who said, it was a shame for a sergeant, receiving such pay as Sergeant Dale, and a pay-sergeant too,

to let his daughter go so mean as Sarah did, whatever he might choose to do for the poor fatherless child he had taken in.

So, on Sunday morning, just after Sergeant Dale had finished reading prayers and a sermon to Sarah and Mary, and one Corporal Jones, (who, when he was not on duty, always spent the Sunday with the sergeant, for there was then no church built at Cawnpore,) Mrs. Simpson came in, and sitting herself down on a *mora*, which stood near the door, "Good morning, Sergeant Dale," she said. "What! you have been reading the Prayer-Book this morning. Well! it's very right for such as like it; but, for my part, I never had a turn for these matters. Well, now I am come to have a little chit chat, I hope you will put up the good books, while I am here. Come, Miss, tell me how you like this bonnet. It's Europe, I can assure you."

Sarah. Indeed, Mrs. Simpson, I am no great judge of the fashions.

Mrs. Simpson. Why, to speak the truth to you, I should not think you were. And, now we are upon the subject, I must be so

free as to tell you a bit of my mind. I am not the first that has noticed your way of dressing; other folks, as well as myself, have remarked how very plain you go. People expect something a little smartish from a sergeant's daughter—Not a bit of ribbon, necklace, or coloured shoe, or ear-ring, or any thing the least genteel!"

Now Sarah did not answer Mrs. Simpson the least rudely, or say, as some people would have done, What business is it to you how I dress? I look as well as you, any how! and other such rude things; but she replied, meekly, "Mrs. Simpson, I am sorry my way of dressing does not please you, but I dress as my father chooses."

Mrs. Simpson. O! sergeant, then it is you I must speak to, is it? I wonder you can let your daughter go so plain; you! a pay-sergeant too! I am ashamed of you!

Then the sergeant laid down a book of sermons, which he had in his hand, upon the table, and said, "Mrs. Simpson, did you ever see my daughter dirty? or slovenly in her dress? If you have, I should take it neighbour-

ly of you, if you will tell me; for I am not the man that would screen my daughter's faults."

Mrs. Simpson. No, I can't say that I ever saw Sarah dirty or ragged, or the child either; but she dresses (for all that) unbecom-her station. Why! you have never (so long as we have been in India) bought her a bit of Europe ribbon, though it is not dear, for I got three yards of this pink and yellow ribbon for a *rupee**.

Sergeant Dale. But, if Sarah can do without the ribbon, am I not a rupee the richer, and she no worse? But, Mrs. Simpson, it is not on account of the expense, (although I think it is as well for people in our situation to put up our spare money, against old age or sickness;) but, as I said, it is not so much on account of the expense that I would have Sarah dress plain; for fine clothes may be had in this country cheap enough; but I find so much in the Bible against the love of the world, and all its pomps and vanities, that I

*A silver coin, worth about 2s. 6d.

have no mind to encourage Sarah in these things. Come hither, Mary; what were those words from the First Epistle of St. John, 2d chapter and 15th verse, that you learned last week?

Then said little Mary, "Were they about the world, daddy?"

Sergeant Dale. Yes, child; let us have them, Mary; mayhap Mrs. Simpson may not be acquainted with them.

Mary. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Mrs. Simpson. What! sergeant, you are not satisfied with preaching yourself, but you must set this beggar's brat to preach too. Fine times, indeed, these!

Sergeant Dale. There are many things, Mrs. Simpson, which are hid from those who

think themselves wise and prudent, which are revealed unto babes.

Mrs. Simpson. Come, come, sergeant, you have a mind to puzzle me, and to put me off from what I came about. I want to know why you don't get better and handsomer clothes for Sarah?

Sergeant Dale. Well, now, Mrs. Simpson, I will tell you the honest truth. I can't say, that I much like this country where I now am, neither do I think it very good for Sarah. You know, that it is not our home; but I hope soon to go home, and to see Sarah at home too; and I have been trying to put Sarah in a way to get some handsome clothes, to appear in at home. And I humbly hope she will succeed in getting these; and let me tell you, if she does, that they will dazzle your eyes, so great will be their beauty.

Mrs. Simpson. What! are you getting clothes ready to go to England? I did not know that you were likely to be invalid.

Sergeant Dale. I shall be put on the sick

list, and the dead list too, and Sarah also, before we go home.

Mrs. Simpson. La! sergeant, what are you talking of?

Sergeant Dale. Why, now, Mrs. Simpson, to speak plain, this world in which we now are, is not our home: you know, that in a very few years we must go out of it. Death will come sooner or later to us all. Now, I think, it matters but little, what such poor creatures as we are are clothed in, while we are here: if we can but keep our vile bodies clean and decent, I think it is enough. Our business is to make friends with Him, who, when we die, will "clothe us with the garment of salvation, and cover us with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." Here, Sarah, reach me down the Bible; you will find the words in the 61st chapter of Isaiah.

Mrs. Simpson. What! the Bible again! There's no end of your preaching, when you begin with the Bible. I think you should be

called Parson Dale; you are not fit for a soldier.

So up she jumped, and off she went to Jenny's berth, in the next barracks. And I was told, they were laughing for an hour, at Sergeant Dale and his daughter. Poor sinful women, they did not recollect that God hearkened to all their idle and wicked words. But Sergeant Dale and Sarah did not ridicule or find fault with Mrs. Simpson, after she went out of their berth. All the sergeant said of her was, "Pray, God, turn this poor woman's heart, and make her wise unto salvation."

In my next chapter, I shall tell you how Sergeant Dale fell sick, and was ordered to go to England; and that he took Sarah and little Mary with him. I shall also tell you, what a pleasant place England is, &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE Mary was quite six years old, Sergeant Dale fell sick, and the doctor said he must go home to England, or he would not live.

England is the country from which the regiment came. It is many thousand leagues off, beyond the sea. People go from Cawnpore, near a thousand miles down the river, to Calcutta, in the way to England. And a little below Calcutta, they go on board large ships upon the sea, and are five or six months, or more, upon the water, sailing night and day.

So Sergeant Dale, and Sarah, and Mary, packed up their clothes; and Sergeant Dale took the *rupees* with him, which he had saved. And they went down in boats to Calcutta, and afterwards were put on board ship, and sailed away to England. But, before they went on board ship, Sergeant Dale prayed to God,

that he would take care of them upon the sea; for it is “He that ruleth the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, he stilleth them.” (Psalm lxxxix. 9.) And God heard his prayer, and brought him safe to England.

They had been out at sea five months and more, when one evening, just before sun-set, one of the sailors, from the top-mast, called out, “Land! land!” and, truly, England was in sight. Then all the people in the ship shouted for joy. The next morning, the land was quite plain to be seen. Then the sergeant called Sarah and Mary to him, and said, “There, my children, there is England! Bless God, my children! bless God!” And the poor sergeant could not help shedding tears for joy. That same day, while they were sailing towards England, with a fine wind, Sergeant Dale made Sarah teach Mary the following words, out of the Psalms: “They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves

thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" (Psalm cvii. 23—31.) So the ship sailed up the River Thames, (which is a river in England,) and the people went on shore, near London.

Now, as soon as Sergeant Dale came on shore, he received his discharge; for he had served as a soldier many years. Then he hired places in a stage, and put his box in it, and Sarah's and Mary's; and they set off to travel from London to a little village, called Stoke, in Worcestershire, through which this stage passed in its way to its place of destination.

Sergeant Dale was born and bred at Stoke: but his father and mother had been dead many years, and it was more than thirty years since he had been there; but, having received his discharge, and saved a little money, he had a mind to go back to Stoke to finish his days.

Now, as Sergeant Dale, and Sarah, and Mary, sat in the stage and travelled along, little Mary began to talk. "Daddy," she said, "what pretty fields! how very green they are! and I see some flowers growing among the grass, yellow, and blue, and white. And, look, daddy, there are sheep in those fields, and little pretty lambs running about. And what pretty red houses, with glass windows!"

Sergeant Dale. All the houses in England have glass windows. It is summer now; but when winter comes, it will be very cold. Then people will shut all their windows, and doors, and make fires to keep themselves warm.

Mary. All the people are white, daddy! I do not see any black men or women!

Sergeant Dale. There are very few black people in England, my dear.

Mary. O! what's that tall thing, with a pointed top to it, (which stands in a burial-ground,) like a pagoda? Is that a pagoda?

Sergeant Dale. No, my dear, there are no pagodas in England. Pagodas are places where the black people in India say their prayers to devils. What you see is a church, where people go every Sunday to pray to God, the Blessed and Holy One, who made heaven and earth, and to hear the Bible read, and to sing psalms to God.

Mary. Is there a church at Stoke? and a clergyman too?*

Sergeant Dale. There is a church in every little village in England, and a clergyman too.

Mary. What is a village?

* In the upper Provinces, before the year 1805, there was scarcely any service performed in any of the stations, except a few prayers once or twice a month, to the king's regiment, while standing on parade.

Sergeant Dale. A village is a little *bazar*, and a town is a great *bazar*.

Mary. O! now I know what a village is And is there a church in every village in England, where people serve God? Does not God love England very much, to give it so many churches! I never saw a church in India.

Sergeant Dale. There are two churches at Calcutta, my dear; but we did not stay long enough to go to one of them.

Mary. But I have been in many *bazars*, little *bazars* and great *bazars*, in India, where there are no churches.

Sergeant Dale. You say right, Mary; God does love England. There are so many churches in England, that every poor person may go to church, and hear the word of God, and learn his will, and know the way to heaven.

Mary. I know the way to heaven. There is but one way.

Sergeant Dale. What is that, my dear?

Mary. The Lord Jesus Christ is the way

to heaven. When my Bible is unpacked, I will show you the verse that says so.

Sergeant Dale. Good child! you have answered right; the poor black people in India do not know that the Lord Jesus Christ is the way to heaven.

Mary. Will they never know it? Will nobody ever teach them?

Sergeant Dale. Yes, my dear. God has promised that his gospel shall be preached unto the ends of the earth. The time shall come when he will be King over all the earth.

Mary. O, daddy! what music is that which comes out from the top of the church? Hark! hark! Mammy Sarah.

Sergeant Dale. Those are bells, my dear. They are ringing the church bells, because it is the king's birth-day. When Sunday comes, they will ring the bells to let us know it is time to go to church.

Mary. O, how pleasant! I like England very much; and I should have liked India, if there had been churches in that country.

Sergeant Dale. There will be a time,

Mary, when there will be churches in every country, through the whole world; and the Lord God will be honoured every where; yea, upon the very bells of the horses, at that time shall be written, "Holiness unto the Lord." (Zech. xiv. 20.)

So Sergeant Dale, and Sarah, and Mary, travelled two days; and the third day, in the evening, they came to a pretty little village, where was a nice church, and a pleasant green, and the houses stood round the green; each house had a little garden full of rose bushes, pinks, and lavender, and other pretty flowers. "O!" said Sergeant Dale, "here is Stoke, the place where I was born. Thank God for bringing us safe, my good girls, to our journey's end."

Then Sarah and Mary said, "Thank God! thank God!" and they both said, they thought Stoke was a very pretty place. Now, by this time, they were come to the door of an inn.

You, perhaps, do not know what an inn is. An inn is a house which stands by the road-side, and there is one in almost every

village. And travellers go to the house, and ask the people of the inn to give them breakfast, or dinner, or tea, or supper, or a bed to sleep in, if it is night; and when they go away, they pay the people at the inn for what they have supplied them with.

So the stage stopped, while the sergeant and his family were set down with their boxes. The stage then went on, and they went into the inn. And the sergeant said to the woman of the inn, "Mistress, we should be much obliged to you, if you would let us have some tea, for we are come a good way to-day, and have not stopped to dine."

"Surely, sir," said the woman. And, in a minute she set before them a little round table, and placed some tea-things upon it, and brought out the loaf, and some fresh butter. And, while Sarah was making the tea, Sergeant Dale entered into talk with the woman of the inn.

And first, the sergeant asked the woman, if they had a godly man in the parish for a minister. To which she replied, "as good a man as ever broke bread." And secondly,

he asked her, if such a one, or such a one, whom he remembered when a boy, was living. And lastly, he asked her, whether there was such a thing to be hired or bought in the village, as a small house with two or three rooms in it, and a bit of garden-ground: "for," added the sergeant, "I was born and bred in the village; and I have set my mind (God being willing) upon finishing my days here; for I have had enough of travelling, both by sea and land."

Then the woman of the inn answered, "You seem to be a very decent steady-like sort of a gentleman, and will, no doubt, make a very good neighbour; but, as to whether there is such a house as you want to be had or not, I cannot rightly tell; but my husband knows all those matters." So she called her husband, who was in the stable. "Joseph, I say, step in (she cried) a minute, do; this gentleman would ask you one or two questions."

So Joseph came in, rubbing his face with a blue pocket-handkerchief. "This gentleman," said his wife, "has a mind of a house

in the village. Is there one to be had? He wants but a small one, with a little bit of garden-ground.”

Now, before I give you Joseph’s answer, I think I must break off my chapter. And, in the next, you shall hear what I know will please you—how the sergeant found out, by Joseph’s discourse, that little Mary’s grandfather and grandmother were then living in Stoke, and in a very good way too; the worthy old man being a carpenter, and his wife a decent pious old woman; and also, that carpenter Smith had just such a house to let, as the sergeant wanted—but we hasten to begin the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN Joseph had scratched his head, and thought a little, he said, “Why, if I mistake not, there is just such a house to be had as the gentleman wants; it belongs to carpenter Smith. He built that house and his own, which is close by, before his eldest son went a soldiering. It is just over the green, and across the church-yard; and when the gentleman has got his tea, we will go and look at it. John Smith is a very civil man, and his wife a decent old woman; and they are as good church-goers as any in the village. They had two sons, John and Richard. Richard lives with them now, as dutiful a lad as can be met with, and follows his father’s business. But poor John brought much trouble on his parents; he was all for a business his parents did not like. Saving your presence, sir, he would be a soldier—nothing else would serve him. He married one Han-

nah Dawson, our parson's dairymaid. She was a decent quiet young woman. They were married little more than a year, before John took off with the soldiers; and they had then one little girl, about a quarter old, which poor Hannah carried in her arms, when she went after her husband. Oh! it was the worst day's work John ever did, that of listing; but, to be sure, there must be some to fight for their country. I was told that the regiment into which John listed, lay in the East-Indies. So John, and Hannah, and the child, went on board ship; and we heard, some time after, that the poor man and his wife both died just as they joined their regiment. The old grandfather and grandmother have never looked up since the news came. The old people say, they could reconcile themselves well enough to the death of their son and his wife; for the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; but as they could hear no tidings of the child, they never could be easy on her account, lest she should have fallen into the hands of those who might use her ill, or might neglect

to bring her up in the fear of God. I have heard Mrs. Smith tell my wife often, that, for the last five years, she has never failed, four or five times a day, praying to God for the poor child."

Sergeant Dale. And I mistake if her prayers have not been heard. "Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded?" (Ecclus. ii. 10.) Sarah, do not speak! I know what you would say. Let me ask this good man one or two questions. And first, he asked, in what regiment John had enlisted; and being satisfied with his answer, he next inquired, how old the little one would be, supposing she were still living.

Joseph. Is it not about six years, wife, last Christmas-day, since you and I went to visit the young child. Her name was Mary; a pretty little lass! Heaven bless her, wherever she may be!

Sergeant Dale. My good friend, Joseph I believe you need not look very far for her. I never was more mistaken in my life if she is not now in this very room.

Joseph. How so, sir? Surely, that little

lass cannot be Mary Smith? Sure, this is too good news to be true.

Then Joseph and his wife asked Sergeant Dale, how she came to be under his care, and if he knew her father and mother, and many more questions.

So the sergeant told them, how John and Hannah Smith had come from England to their regiment, then lying in barracks in India; and how they had brought their little one with them; and how they had died in one day, and were buried in one grave; and how his daughter Sarah, then but a young girl herself, had begged him to let her take the child; and how tenderly she had brought her up, and been a mother to her.

“God bless her! God bless her!” cried Joseph and his wife. “God reward her!”

“And so this is little Mary Smith!” said the wife. “Bless thy dear little soul! I must have a kiss of my little girl. I knew your poor mother; and I have nursed you many and many a time, when you were a baby. And, now, Joseph, can’t you see that

she has her mother's look? Hannah was a comely woman."

Joseph. Wife, hand me down my coat and hat from the peg. I can't hold this good news any longer. I must be running over to neighbour Smith's, to tell him his granddaughter is come. Why, the old man and his wife will die for joy! And mind, wife, you don't charge this good gentleman one farthing for what he has had here. If it were five times as much, he is welcome.

Sergeant Dale. Come, Sarah and Mary, let us all go with this good man. But, Sarah, you are crying.

Sarah. Yes, father, for joy. I cannot help it.

So Sergeant Dale, and Sarah, and Mary, and Joseph and his wife, set off to go to carpenter Smith's; but Joseph went so fast, that Sergeant Dale, who was getting old, could scarce keep up with him.

So they went across the green, and over the stile, into the church-yard; and they saw two little neat cottages before them, which Joseph told them, were carpenter Smith's.

Both houses stood in little gardens. An old woman, dressed very plain, but quite neat and clean, sat before the door of one of them, spinning. And, while she turned her wheel, she was singing a psalm. This was Mrs. Smith; and her husband and son were at work, in a carpenter's shop, close by.

Now, when Mrs. Smith saw all the people coming over the church-yard, and the sergeant in his red coat, she jumped up and ran into the house; for, ever since she had heard of her son's death she had not been able to bear the sight of a soldier's coat. But Joseph called after her, "Stop, Mrs. Smith, stop! don't run away from good news. Here's a gentleman come from the East-Indies, who has brought you such a present, as will make you rich all your life."

So the old woman stopped at the door of the house, and the carpenter and his son Richard laid down their work and came forward. Then said Joseph, "Neighbour Smith, what will you give me for what I have brought you? I have brought you something more precious than gold."

2640511A

“What’s that, neighbour?” said old Smith. “As for gold and silver, I have as much as will serve me my time, and my old woman’s; and Richard must work for himself, as his father has done before him.”

Joseph. What would you say, neighbour, to a little granddaughter?

So saying, he opened the garden gate, and bade little Mary and the rest follow him close behind.

“A granddaughter!” said Mrs. Smith.

“A granddaughter!” cried the old man.

“Ay, ay,” said Joseph, “poor John and Hannah’s little one.”

“O! no, no! it cannot be! it cannot be!” cried the old woman; and down she fell upon the bench at the door, like one half dead.

By this time, Sergeant Dale and Sarah were come up: and they began to explain to the old people, how John and Hannah had come out to the regiment, to which the sergeant belonged; and how they had both died in one day; and how the sergeant had taken

the child, as his own, and brought her to England with his daughter.

I wish you could have seen the old people and Richard, when they understood how the matter was. Any body would have supposed, that they would have devoured the child; they did so kiss her, and hug her—then they would push her from them, to look at her face—then draw her close to them again—and cry over her, and bless her, and bless the sergeant, and bless Sarah, and bless Joseph for bringing the sergeant to them.

Any body, going by, and not knowing how the case stood, would have supposed the whole party were out of their minds; for some were laughing, some crying, some on their knees thanking God; and little Mary, who did not quite understand the cause of all this, was half frightened, and glad to get away from her grandfather and grandmother, to her Mammy Sarah, and Daddy Dale.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Smith would not hear of the sergeant's going back to the inn, but

made all the company come into the house. And when they understood that the sergeant was a native of Stoke, and was come down on purpose (God being willing) to end his days there, carpenter Smith said, he was welcome to the house at the next door; and that he would not accept one farthing of rent for it.

Then the old man and woman broke out again into a fit of joy, saying, that if they were to give all they had in the world to the good sergeant and his daughter, they could not pay them for what they had done for their dear little one. And again they fell to kiss the little one, and bless it.

Then said Sergeant Dale, "Do not thank me and my daughter, my friends, for what we have done; but let us all give thanks where it is due. Let us give God thanks, who put it into my daughter's heart to be kind to your little granddaughter; for without God's grace we can do no good thing. What say you, Mrs. Smith? Let us all kneel down together, and offer up our thanksgivings to God."

To this they all agreed, most willingly; only Mrs. Smith said, that she blamed herself much, for not having been the first to propose it.

So they all knelt down together. And Sergeant Dale, taking up the Bible, which lay in the window, turned to the 107th Psalm, part of which he changed into a prayer, very applicable to their present case.

After prayers, Mrs. Smith fried some eggs and bacon for supper, and set a cold fruit pie, and some cheese, with a nice brown loaf, on the table. So they had a very excellent supper: but old Smith and his wife could not eat one mouthful, for joy. And, after supper, they all sang a psalm, and then went to their beds. Sarah and Mary slept with Mrs. Smith that night, and Sergeant Dale with Richard Smith; for, as I said before, the old people would not hear of their going back to the inn.

My next chapter will contain an account of the sergeant's new house, and how comfortable it was; with some other matters with which I shall finish this story.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day carpenter Smith and his son went to work at the house next door, to get it ready for Sergeant Dale; and Mrs. Smith cleaned it from top to bottom. Mr. Smith furnished the sergeant with a table, and a dresser, and a couple of plain bedsteads, out of his shop. And the sergeant went to a shop in the village, and bought some plates and dishes, and a clock, and a cupboard, and some cooking-things. So that, before Sunday, every thing was ready for the sergeant and his little family to go into their house.

You cannot think how pleased Sarah and Mary were, when they saw the kitchen, with the dresser, and all the plates and dishes upon the shelves, and the clean fire-place with a little bright fire in it, and the clock, and the tea-things in the cupboard; and when

they went up stairs and saw the two rooms, one for themselves, and one for Sergeant Dale.

Then Sergeant Dale said, "See my children, what a nice house God has provided for us! Let us begin and finish every day, in this house, with serving the good God, and thanking him for all his mercies. And you must not be idle here, my dear Sarah, but keep the house clean, and cook the dinner, and mend, and wash, and iron your clothes, and teach Mary to do the same. I have saved a little money, to be sure, and shall have my pension; but I have not enough to keep us without work, and you will have nobody here to wait upon you—no cook-boy, nor washer-man, as you had in India."

Now, the next day, early in the morning, they were awakened by the pretty bells ringing, and telling them that it was Sunday. So they got up, and ate their breakfast, and dressed themselves quite clean, and were all ready when Mrs. Smith called, with her husband and son, to take them to church

So Mrs. Smith and Sarah walked, with

Mary between them, to the church; then Sergeant Dale, and old Mr. Smith, and Richard, followed. The church-yard was full of people, dressed neat and clean, going to church.

So they all went into the church, and said their prayers, and heard the Bible read and a sermon preached by the clergyman. And Mrs. Smith was quite delighted, when she found that Mary could use her Prayer-Book as well as the oldest person in church. "I see," said she to Sarah, when they got out of the church, "that you have been a mother indeed to my little girl; for you have taken care, not only of her body, but of her soul. God bless you, my dear girl! God bless you."

And, now, many of the neighbours, and the clergyman's lady, came up to Mrs. Smith, to see her little granddaughter, who was come from a far country. And one would kiss her, and another would kiss her; and they all said, what a good young woman Sarah was, to take care of little Mary, when she had no mother: and they said, God would bless her for it.

In the church-yard too, after the service

old Smith made Sergeant Dale acquainted with many of his neighbours; and there were several old people, who said, they remembered the sergeant very well, when he was a boy.

Joseph, who was at church, came up also, and shook hands heartily with the sergeant; so that the worthy man began to feel himself quite at home.

Carpenter Smith, and his wife, and Richard, dined that day with the sergeant and his daughter. And, after dinner, the sergeant made Mary repeat some of her verses, and read a chapter in the Bible, while she sat upon her grandfather's knees. And the old man almost cried for joy, so pleased was he. "I think," said he, "wife, I may throw away my spectacles, now I have got this young pair of eyes to read the Bible to me. O! Sergeant Dale," added he, "you have made an old couple happy; and that good lass your daughter—"

"Give the glory to God!" replied the sergeant.

I was told by a friend of mine, in Worcestershire, that Sergeant Dale is still living at Stoke. He spends his time in working in his garden, and feeding his pig, and reading the Bible to his family, or any poor neighbour that cannot read himself. He grows fonder and fonder of his Bible. He says, that all the comfort he has enjoyed in this world, and all the happiness he hopes for in the next, he owes to that book. He never stirs out without his Bible. And my friend told me that, the last time he saw him, he was angling in a little stream, which runs near Stoke, and reading his Bible between whiles.

Sarah has been married three years or more, to Richard Smith. He is a young man, who, having been brought up in the fear of God, has, with his grace, been renewed unto holiness; and the life which he now lives, is “by faith in the Son of God, who loved him, and gave himself for him;” for none of us are able to bring forth good works, but by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah is a faithful wife, “obedient to her own husband,

as it is fit in the Lord. Grave, not a slanderer, sober, and faithful; she is not idle, nor a wanderer about from house to house, nor a tattler, nor a busy-body, speaking things which she ought not;" but she is always ready to do every thing that is kind for her neighbours, or to wait upon the sick, and administer to them of such things as she has.

Mary is grown a great girl, and God has blessed her. She does every thing in her power for the comfort and happiness of Sergeant Dale, and Sarah, and her grandfather and grandmother. She goes every day to see her grandmother, but she sleeps at Sergeant Dale's house, for she cannot leave her Mother Sarah, as she now calls her. But as old Mrs. Smith's eyes are now getting weak, Mary mends and makes all her clothes, and reads the Bible to her, and does any thing else for her that she may want.

Last Christmas-day, God sent Sarah and Richard a little baby, as my friend told me. They call him Thomas, after Sergeant Dale

How happy Mary was, when Thomas came! She cried for joy, and she said, she would nurse him, and feed him, and love him, and make him good as her Mother Sarah had made her good. But then she recollected herself, and said, "I may teach him to read and to pray, but I cannot make his heart clean from sin. No, it is God only who can give him a new heart." Every day, therefore, since the birth of Richard's little boy, Mary has prayed to God to renew his little heart to holiness, for his dear Redeemer's sake.

Sergeant Dale's old regiment is either arrived in England, or is on its passage home; but Mrs. Simpson and Jenny are not with it. Poor Mrs. Simpson! it would have been well for her, and Jenny too, if they had loved their Bible more, and what they called pleasure less.

About a year after Sergeant Dale left India, the regiment being then moved higher up the country, I believe, to Muttra, Mrs. Simpson and Jenny went together to the

rackgodown,* to buy spirits. They drank so much, that, before they could get home, what with the liquor, and what with the heat of the sun, they were both quite drunk, and began (as drunken women will) to abuse each other. From words they came to blows and, I believe, they would have killed each other on the spot, had not their husbands come to them, and parted them. However, with the heat of the sun, and the liquor, and the violent passion, this affair caused the death of both of them. Mrs. Simpson was taken so suddenly, that there was no time to get her into the hospital, before she was a corpse. Jenny lingered longer; but being delirious all the time, her disorder lying in the head, she had no time for repentance.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

* A place where spirits are sold.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

THE SQUIRREL.

It is one of the greatest advantages arising from the benevolence of the present day, that it instils a spirit of philanthropy into the tender bosoms of the rising generation. We see liberality beginning to display itself in almost every professing Christian; and the children of our country are often seen to extend their little hands to aid in the great cause of spreading the Gospel. I have met with several instances of late, which much interested me, only one of which I shall now relate.

It was Sabbath eve, when, at a friend's house, we were all sitting in the piazza, conversing about the exertions now making for the heathen. It was a lovely evening, and the conversation most interesting. "Father," said little Harriet, after listening a

long time to our conversation,—“ Father, do these little heathen children wish to learn to read the Testament?” “ Many of them are very anxious for this; and all would be anxious, did they know its value.” “ But, father, have they all got Testaments, if they did know how to read?” “ No, my love, few of them only ever heard any thing about the Testament—about God—about Jesus Christ!” “ Will half a dollar buy *one* Testament, for *one* little heathen girl?” “ It would.” “ Oh!” sighed the little Harriet, “ how I wish I had half a dollar! Father, may I sell any thing I’ve got, if I can get half a dollar?” “ Yes,” said the Father, smiling at his daughter’s simplicity. The conversation here ended.

Almost every child has some toy of which he is peculiarly fond. Harriet’s toy was a beautiful tame gray *squirrel*, which she had brought up, to which she was excessively attached. It would eat from her hand—attend her in her rambles, and sleep on her pillow. The pretty little *Jenny*, for this was

its name, was suddenly taken sick. The little girl nursed it with every care, and shed many tears over it as it died on her pillow in her lap. Her father endeavoured in vain to console her—assuring her that Jenny was now insensible to any pain or trouble. “The end of its life has arrived, and it is now no more: but when my little daughter comes to die, if she is a good girl, her immortal spirit will only leave this world to wing its way to a world happier than this. Be comforted, my daughter, or you make your father unhappy. Why do you grieve so?” “Father,” said the weeping Harriet, “did I not love my squirrel?” “Yes.” “Did you not say I might sell any thing I had for half a dollar, and send a Testament to the heathen children?” “Yes.” “Well, I was going to sell my pretty squirrel to Mr. ———, who was to give me half dollar for it, and *I was going to send a Testament to the heathen*; but now my Jenny is dead.”—She ceased, her speech being choked by her sobs. The Father was silent—a tear stood in his eye—he put a silver

dollar in his daughter's hand,—and the little angel dried her tears, consoled that Jenny's death would be the means of sending *two* or *three* Testaments to the heathen, instead of *one* !—

THE END.

710

HM





**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

MAR 21 1927

